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The Way It Came About

THE managers of Everybody's Railroad had a meeting to decide about the proper lighting system for their passenger cars.

"What we want," said the first manager, "is a light which will permit our conductors and brakemen to grope their way through the cars without injury. As for the passengers, they have too much done for them already. They are a spoiled lot."

"I don't quite agree with you," said the second manager. "In my opinion, our passenger cars ought to be well lighted. Passengers ought to be able to read their papers at night without ruining their eyes."

The president of the road, who had the deciding vote, now spoke.

"In my opinion," said he, "there should be a happy compromise between your divergent views. I suggest that our cars be lighted well enough to keep the passengers from grumbling, but not so well lighted that they can read continuously without injuring their eyes."

That is how it was (and is) done.

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It will have the Best Fiction of the Year, Short Stories by famous authors, many by new writers.

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Katharine Fullerton Gerould will contribute her first serial to SCRIBNER'S.

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And beginning in March, by a new writer, the fascinating story of "Bonnie May," a new character in fiction. One of the most sympathetic, amusing and human stories this magazine has ever published.

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He has written in a charming way about his life, ranging from the fantasies of his youth to the successes of his later career, a vivid, picturesque, and amusing narrative. Rich in anecdote and impression of other famous players.

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ELMENDORF'S pictures have been widely acclaimed as "superb," "capital," "unique." There will be several more groups this year, made especially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Ernest Peixotto has made a sketching trip along the Mexican border, and he will contribute short articles, with his own drawings, dealing with the border country as it looks today.

- I—Along the Mexican Border
- II—The Old Texan Capital
- III—The Charm of New Orleans
- IV—The City of the Holy Faith

The Great War

SCRIBNER'S will picture the great war on its various fronts by the best writers available. The permanent value of the articles published is shown by the remarkable volumes which have grown out of them, by Mrs. Wharton, Richard Harding Davis and E. Alexander Powell. Mr. Davis, now at the front, will again write for SCRIBNER'S.

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"The Real Hawaii," by Mrs. Gerould: three articles on this important part of the United States. THEODORE ROOSEVELT will write of the great Bird Refuges of Louisiana. Leo E. Miller, of the American Museum of Natural History, has been through strange Andean passes in South America, on the trail of an elusive bird, the cock-of-the-rock.

Articles on amateur and college athletics.

A. B. Frost's sporting pictures will appear in another article.

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for 1916

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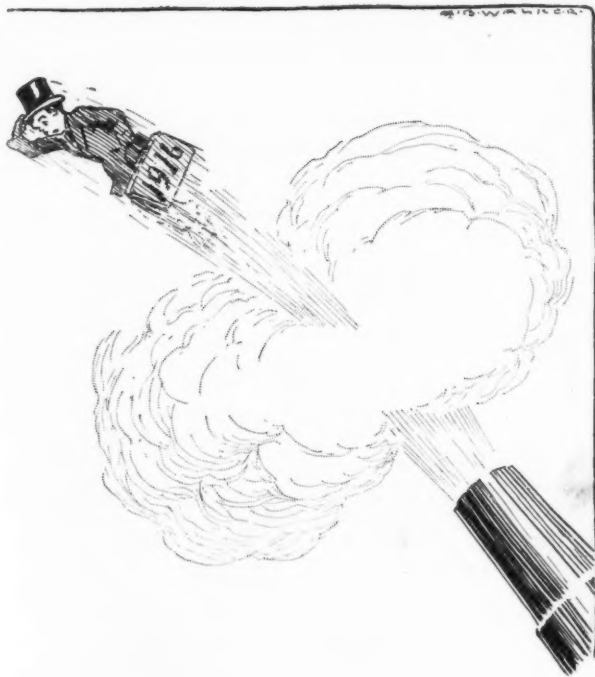
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THE NEW YEAR ARRIVES

MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

CASCADE

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is an arduous one—the road
to mellow whisky is a long one—
our faithfulness in following
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time, is what makes Cascade
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**PURE
WHISKY**



When you feel
yourself going

WHEN you feel your car skid—that feeling of utter helplessness with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences—it will be too late to do anything, except pray. No amount of human skill will then avert a crash against the curb, a nearby vehicle, or, worse yet, the innocent bystander.

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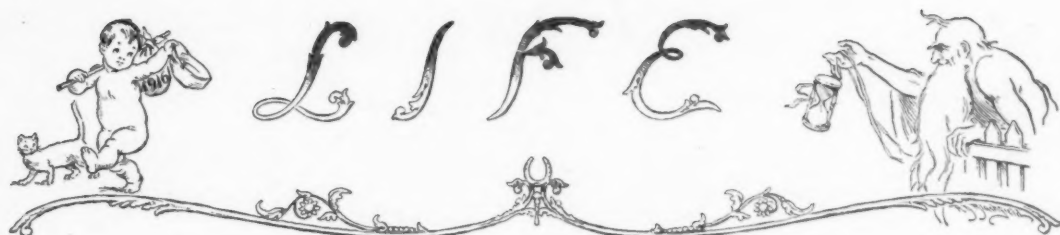
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The Cynic

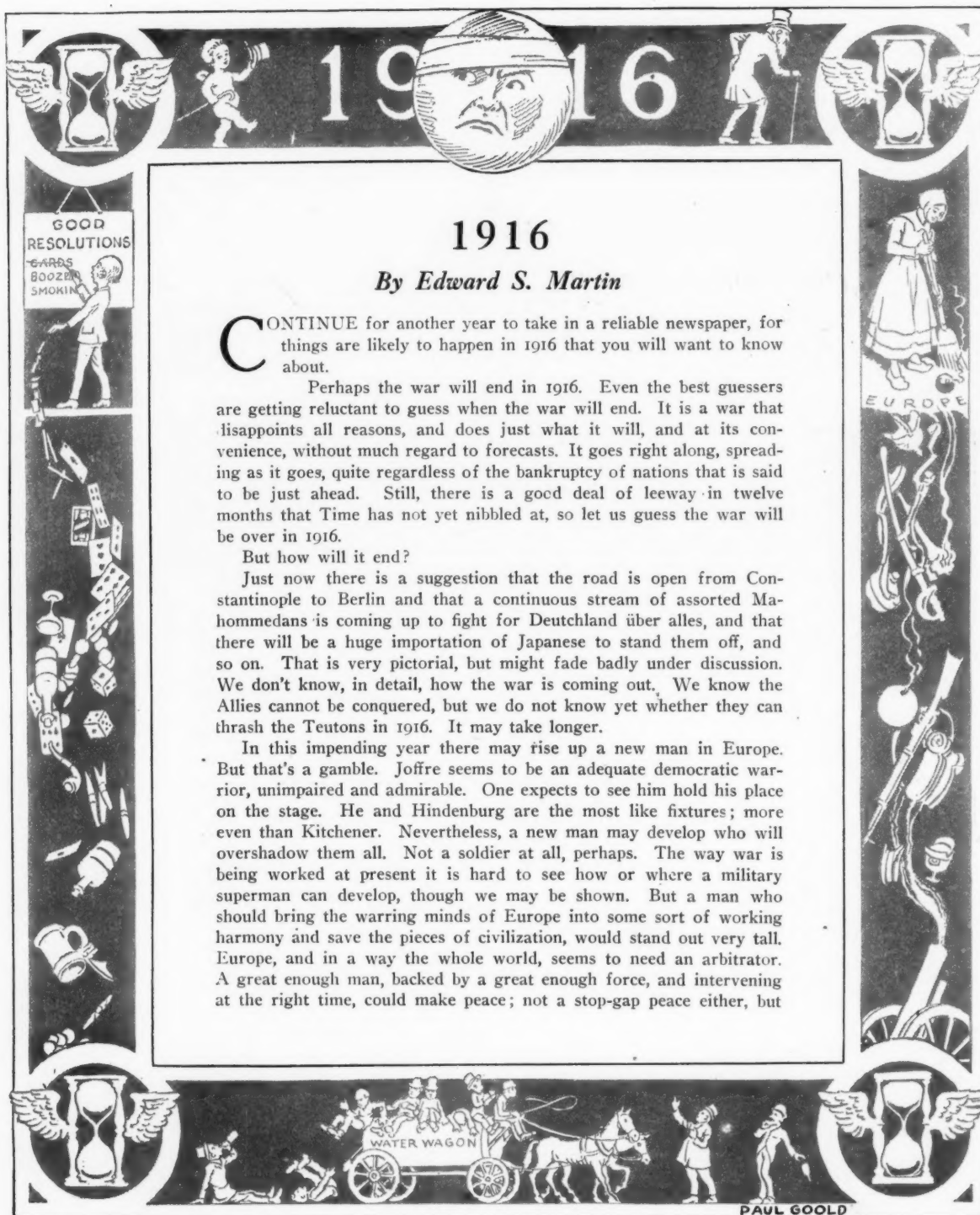
COLD heart, steel-riveted and bound,
By chance, one rainy day I found
Your lock unfastened and did ope
The secret chest in search of Hope.

For one brief moment's pause I gazed
Into those depths unknown, unpraised,
I yearned to clasp—yet did not dare—
Their hidden roses fresh and fair.

Leolyn Louise Everett.



MOTOR TROUBLE AND THE ONLY AVAILABLE LANDING PLACE



1916

By Edward S. Martin

CONTINUE for another year to take in a reliable newspaper, for things are likely to happen in 1916 that you will want to know about.

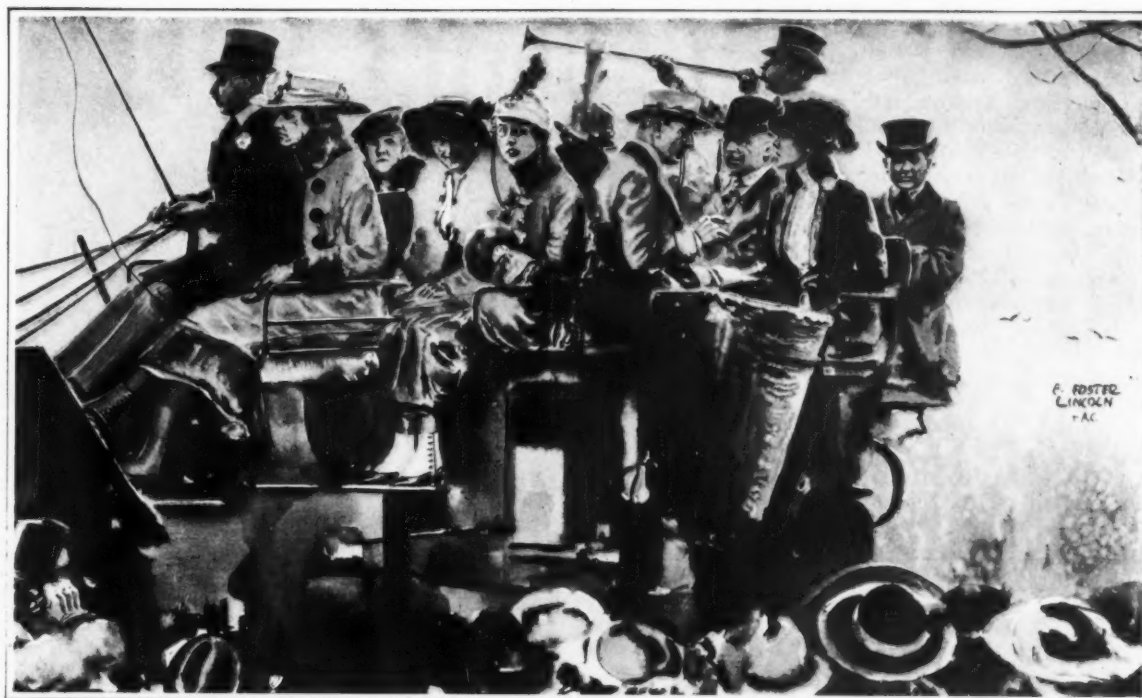
Perhaps the war will end in 1916. Even the best guessers are getting reluctant to guess when the war will end. It is a war that disappoints all reasons, and does just what it will, and at its convenience, without much regard to forecasts. It goes right along, spreading as it goes, quite regardless of the bankruptcy of nations that is said to be just ahead. Still, there is a good deal of leeway in twelve months that Time has not yet nibbled at, so let us guess the war will be over in 1916.

But how will it end?

Just now there is a suggestion that the road is open from Constantinople to Berlin and that a continuous stream of assorted Mahomedans is coming up to fight for Deutschland über alles, and that there will be a huge importation of Japanese to stand them off, and so on. That is very pictorial, but might fade badly under discussion. We don't know, in detail, how the war is coming out. We know the Allies cannot be conquered, but we do not know yet whether they can thrash the Teutons in 1916. It may take longer.

In this impending year there may rise up a new man in Europe. But that's a gamble. Joffre seems to be an adequate democratic warrior, unimpaired and admirable. One expects to see him hold his place on the stage. He and Hindenburg are the most like fixtures; more even than Kitchener. Nevertheless, a new man may develop who will overshadow them all. Not a soldier at all, perhaps. The way war is being worked at present it is hard to see how or where a military superman can develop, though we may be shown. But a man who should bring the warring minds of Europe into some sort of working harmony and save the pieces of civilization, would stand out very tall. Europe, and in a way the whole world, seems to need an arbitrator. A great enough man, backed by a great enough force, and intervening at the right time, could make peace; not a stop-gap peace either, but

PAUL GOOLD



SEEN AT THE RACES

Reading from left to right: MR. BUGHOUSE TODD, DRIVER; MISS NICOTINA DAZE-DOPE; MRS. J. WURZEN YUCELISS; MISS TIRELISS TCHATTOR; MISS GLADYS PINHEDD; MR. LITTLE-MANNERS; MR. SEVERNPERCENT PYNCHER AND MRS. BILLY MUCHINPRINT.

a Great Peace with real underpinning and such provisions for the development of human life as the nations have been fighting for. Not mere paper provisions; something based in justice, and durable; something automatic; something that will work.

Nothing like that can come till the time is ripe and the nations—enough of them—are ready. But the times are ripening now, ripening fast, fast, fast; and the more of the European peoples get into the war the more the ripening is accelerated, and the more the possibilities of a lasting readjustment are extended.

The force back of an arbitrator need not be armies—at least not *his* armies. It may be necessity; the consent of nations facing destruction and compelled to trust someone or perish.

As for our country in 1916, the winter wheat is in the ground, and no doubt there will be crops, but in politics and in business what happens here is closely linked with what happens in Europe. Business has been immensely stimulated by sales to the Allies, but how long can they pay, and when they get to the bottom of the stocking, what then?

One hears that at present there is hardly a loose stone

in Europe that would not be thrown at us if we were near enough to hit. We are the fat neutral whom nobody loves. Shall we be more despised in 1916 than we are now, or is Europe's present mood toward us a transitory humor that will shift overnight?

Are we really to spend much money for armament and armies, or only to talk about it? Is Mr. Wilson to be his own successor, and, if not, who will succeed him? Is Carranza the solution for Mexico, and, if not, will Mexico's troubles or Europe's reach their solution first?

We ought to know a great deal more history at the end of 1916 than we do at its beginning, but we can't tell what we shall learn. In natural course we will get in the crops and elect a President, but there are political and international crops to come in that we can't tell much about, because we are not sure what we have sown.

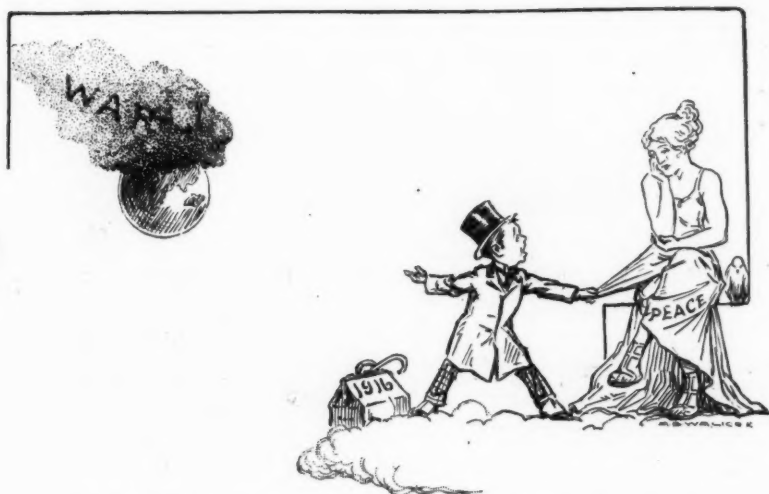
The Bust

THE bust has been favorably known from time immemorial. It is common to pedestals, autos, and some financial experts. It can be obtained at any saloon. Every country during a panic either has one or comes near it.

Footnote to Mr. Root

IT was many years ago that Mr. Root, in an address more quoted nowadays by suffragists than by antis, spoke with deprecation of the predicament of Woman, "when she takes into her hands, feeble and nerveless for strife, weapons with which she is unfamiliar and which she is unable to wield." Now woman, as we all know, is the pepper on the egg of this life. So that it is inevitable to smile at thought of her "hands feeble and nerveless for strife." Evidently Mr. Root meant feeble for strife with unfamiliar weapons.

AT this writing the Hyphens have not yet burned the White House.



The New Year: AH, COME ON! LET'S START OVER THERE TOGETHER



Mr. Peck (to stout stranger): PARDON ME. WOULD YOU MIND STANDING ON MY WIFE'S FEET? SHE INSISTED ON COMING HOME DURING THE RUSH HOUR.

It Takes a Lot

VASSAR applauded ex-Dean Putnam's suggestion that a battalion of able woman-soldiers, trained and armed, would be a great asset to the country. But, after all, what is asked of women is not courage to kill the men, but to marry them.

Guilty

REGULAR days for accusing the Boy Scouts of militarism ought to be appointed by all governors. The fact that for the first time in decades a large proportion of our boys are being taught how to obey, how to persevere through a regular routine, how to sacrifice pleasure for duty, how to save the lives of others, how to defend themselves and their country and how to keep themselves in the best physical condition is enough to condemn them in the eyes of the pacifists.

The next thing someone will be accusing our army of militarism.

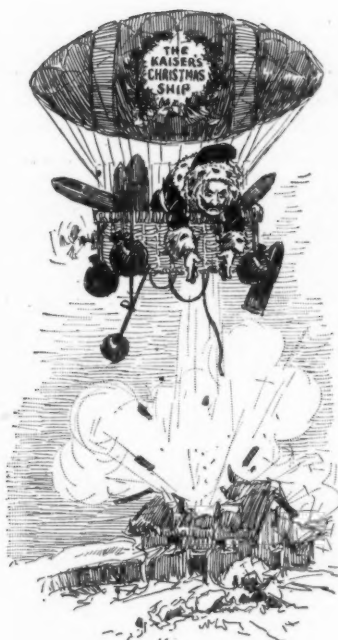
IT is Austria-Hungry now. Food packages are being sent there from this country by first-class registered mail.



"CONGRATULATE ME, FREDDY. LAST NIGHT YOUR SISTER PROMISED TO MARRY ME."

"OH, SHE PROMISED MOTHER SHE'D MARRY YOU LONG AGO."

DECEMBER



GOOD WILL TO MEN



GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS



ALL AT SEA



THE EDEN MUSÉE HAS GONE



HYPHENATED FAVORS



JOHN BULL WANTS THE CLERGY TO ENLIST



FEMALE IMPERSONATIONS MAKE YALE BOYS EFFEMINATE

Malice in Blunderland

—Up in the Air with the Drama

FATIGUED by her exciting escape from the Surgeons, little Malice still ran as fast as she could. So precipitate was her flight, indeed, that she did not observe her entrance upon Broadway until an explosion of gas from the Subway, occurring as a daily thriller for the evening papers, lifted her, together with several automobiles, pedestrians, policemen and other litter, several hundred feet into the air.

"Then this is Broadway!" exclaimed Malice, remembering descriptions she had heard of the region. And upward, upward she continued her flight.

"There's only one street like it, kid!" sighed a sentimental voice at her elbow; and, looking around, Malice observed that a fattish, elaborately dressed gentleman who had been standing by her side at the time the Subway exploded was flying quite near to her, reading a dramatic column from a newspaper as he flew.

"It takes my breath away," Malice volunteered.

"Broadway's always like this—takes away your breath or anything else you happen to have on you. Cute little street!"

"You talk like one of the owners," suggested Malice.

"I am. I'm a Theatrical Manager," he replied modestly.

"Oh!" Malice would have drawn away in alarm had not the situation made such a manœuvre impossible.

"You're apparently not used to blowing up," the Manager observed patronizingly. "But you'll get to liking it if you stick around the theatrical business. I used to blow up about twice a week until I joined the Syndicate. Now I shoot the torpedoes into the other fellows."

"My word! Is Art so savage as all that?" asked Malice, shocked.

"Art is hell—just as Sherman said," the Manager philosophized. "Y'know, when you're handling Shakespeare,



"It takes my breath away"

Eddie Foy, Bernhardt, Cohan and the Ticket Scalpers, you can't be refined and highbrowed the way they are in the pork-packing business."

"How can you talk like that about the drama?" she asked, in her concern quite forgetting the speed with which they were still blowing skyward.

"If you respect the drama," he replied soothingly, "I'll give you tickets to some of my first nights—that'll cure you."

"I don't want tickets." She tried to make her manner haughty.

"Well, what *do* you want?" the fattish gentleman asked.

"Nothing."

"Impossible! Everybody that talks to a Manager wants something. Perhaps you want to sue me for stealing your play. If so, I have my lawyer with me, so it's no use." For the first time Malice noticed a small, bird-faced professional man flying by the Manager's side and making notes on a typewritten brief. "Take my advice, kid. Never go anywhere on Broadway without your lawyer. Can't tell what'll come up—damage suit, divorce, assault and battery—"

"I'm not going to sue you," Malice repeated indignantly.

"Well, then, you're after something. Maybe you want to touch me for some money or get a job in the chorus—or are you an interviewer from the *Journal*?"

"I'm just a little girl who happened to get into the same explosion with you by mistake." Malice's air was quite candid.

"Well, well—you're a freak, by Jove!" whistled the Manager. "If you're a freak, of course you ought to be starred in something. Do you know what 'starred' means?"

"It means covered with little stars, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you're thinking of 'dotty,'" the Manager argued. "On Broadway when we say 'star' we mean some sort of abnormal actor who gets ten or twelve times the salary he actually receives. I'll make a star of you. Mr. Bobolink"—(the Manager turned to the Lawyer at his side)—"make out a contract—you know, one of the loophole variety—offering Miss Malice \$75,000 a year, with a joker in the third clause so she won't get it."

"Joker!" exclaimed Malice. "Then I'm to have a comedy part."

"Well, sort of," the Manager demurred. "It will be funny, but the audience won't know it. Watterbrain, my retained playwright, has just the play for a young girl newly entered into the dramatic profession—something to show your freshness and charm. It's called 'The Vampire Wife.' You'll be discovered in three compromising situations in the first act; in the second you take to drugs to forget all; in the third you sell your honor to save your husband's business reputation. Big idea, lots of sex."

"What is sex?" asked she, turning upon him wide, blue eyes.

"Sex?" He smiled. "An imaginary influence that makes audiences pay good money for bad plays. But if you



"In the same explosion"

don't know *that* you'll have a time of it becoming an actress."

"I don't want to be an actress," Malice replied vehemently. "In the first place, I can't act."

"Oh, can't you?" The Manager paused in his midair flight and regarded the child anxiously. "Well, if that's the case," he added at last, "we can put you in the movies."

At this moment the force of the explosion seemed to expend itself, and

Malice, arm in arm with the Manager, began descending gently toward the upper window of a skyscraper. "Flasher & Cheaper" was painted on the glass they approached.

"Come in," said the Manager politely, as they bounced through the open window. In a moment Malice found herself standing in a business-like hallway before an office-boy's desk. Playwrights, actors, scene-shifters *et al* stared with hungry eagerness, ob-

serving how intimately she was chatting with the great man.

"Well, good day," remarked the Manager cordially, extending a plump hand as he turned through the wicket toward his private office. "Just send your card in to-morrow and we'll discuss that seventy-five-thousand-dollar job——"

"But to-morrow you might not remember me," she shyly intimated.

"Of course not," replied the Manager. "I never do."

And he disappeared down the hall, leaving Malice to depart by elevator while pondering what nonsensical adventures might befall her should she take the whim to follow Art through Blunderland.

Tumulty Not Enough

PRESIDENT WILSON'S bride is not of his mind about votes for women.

Very good.

In several particulars it will be an advantage to our President to have in the White House a person not of his mind who can show him.

Anti-German

"DO you think our munition plants should be owned by the government?"

"I do! I'll even go further. I believe that our army and navy should be owned by the government."



"I'D BETTER RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

Life's Short Story Contest

The contest closed on October 4th. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

The First Girl

By Louise Pond Jewell

THEY had been talking of the Marsdens, who had just gone down with the torpedoed ship; and among the kindly and affectionate things said about them, the exceptional happiness of their married life was mentioned. Someone spoke of this as being rather surprising, as they had married so late in life; then, naturally enough, another remarked what a different world it would be if every man had been accepted by the first girl he had proposed to. And he added, that sometimes he thought that first choice was one of truer instinct, less tintured with the world's sophistication than any later one. The bachelor contributed with a laugh that that first girl had one advantage over the wife, no matter how perfect the latter—that she remained the ideal. And then, little by little, they came to the point of agreeing to tell, then and there, in the elegance and dignity of the club-room suited to the indulgence of their late middle years, each one about that first girl, and what she had meant to him.

The Explorer began.

"I met her in the Adirondacks, and knew her only one summer. After that, I couldn't see her just as a friend—and she was unwilling to be anything else to me. So, all my life, I've associated her with the woods and lakes, with the sincerity and wholesomeness of the great Outdoors. She had the freedom of Diana, and her lack of self-consciousness. I never saw her except roughly clad, but she always suggested that line of Vergil—'She walked the goddess.'"

"She was strong and lithe as a boy, could climb mountains, row, play golf and tennis with any of us; and what a good sport! She never fussed over getting caught in drenching rains, being bruised and torn by rocks and thorns; and once when a small party of us lost our way, and had to spend the night on a lonely mountain-side within sound of wolves and catamounts, her gayety made a 'lark' of it. She could drive horses with a man's steady hands; she

knew the birds by name, and all the plants and trees that grew within miles, and she was familiar with the tracks and habits of all the small creatures of the forest. To me she was—simply wonderful, and, I confess, always has been."

"What became of her?" they asked.

"Later, she married—a man who didn't know a pine from a palm! I always wondered. . . ."

The Diplomat came next.

"That sort," he said, "is a little too independent and upstanding to belong to my type of woman. The rough, tanned skin, the strong, capable hands—big, probably—the woolen skirt and blouse—they'll do very well in a girl chum, for a summer. But when it comes to a wife, one's demands are different. The girl I wanted first—and I've never forgotten her; she was a queen—I knew during my first winter in Washington. You talk of Diana; I prefer Venus—wholly feminine, but never cloying. She was the kind that looks best in thin, clinging things. I remember yet a shimmering green and silver 'creation' she wore at the Inaugural Ball. She didn't take hikes with me through scratchy forests, but she'd dance all night long, and her little feet would never tire. She didn't handle guns or tillers, but you should have seen her pretty fingers deftly managing the tea things in a drawing-room, of a winter's afternoon, or playing soft, enchanting airs on the piano at twilight; or, for the matter of that, placing a carnation in a man's buttonhole—I can feel her doing it yet! She probably didn't know birds, but, by George! she knew men! And there wasn't one of us young fellows that winter that wouldn't gladly have had her snare him. Only—that was the one thing she didn't do!"

"Didn't she ever do any snaring?"

"Oh—finally. And—the pity of it!—a man who couldn't dance, and had no use for Society! Sometimes . . ."

"How about you?" the third member of the group





"UNCLE JOHN, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN MARRIED?"

"THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, MY DEAR."

"YOU DON'T SHOW IT."

was asked, an Engineer of national reputation. "Was there a first best girl for you, too?"

"Guilty!" he replied. "But my account will sound prosaic after these others. You know, my early days weren't given to expensive summer camps, nor to Washington ballrooms. I made my own way through college, and 'vacations' meant the hardest work of the year. But when I was a Senior, all the drudgery was transformed. Paradise wouldn't have been in it with that little co-educational college campus and library and chapel and class-rooms; for I found *her*.

Just a class-mate she was. You tell how your girls dressed; I never noticed how *she* dressed; it might have been in shimmering green and silver, and it might have been in linsey-woolsey, for all I knew. But—she could *think*, and she could *talk*! We discussed everything together, from philosophy and the evolution of history, to the affairs of the day. I spent every hour with her that I could, and in all sorts of places. There's a spot in the stackroom of the old library that I always visit yet, when I go back—because of her. I've never known a woman since with such a mind, such breadth and

clearness; and it showed in her face—the face of Athena, not Diana or Venus! I believed that with such a companion at my side, to turn to in every perplexity, I could make my life worth while. But she—saw it differently."

"Is she a feminist now?" slyly inquired the Explorer.

"She, too, married, after a while—a fine fellow, but—anything but a student. I can't help . . ."

"Mine," said the fourth, the Socialist, "will sound least dramatic of all—though I assure you the time was dramatic enough for me. You talk about your god-

desses; my pedestal held just a sweet, human girl,—a nurse, serving her first year at the hospital, that time we had the smash-up, in '80. And you talk of beauty, and style, and brain; but with me it isn't of a pretty face or graceful form I think, when I recall that magic time; and least of all is it of any intellectual prowess. I'm not sure whether she knew the difference between physics and metaphysics, or whether she'd ever heard of a cosine. But she was endowed with the charm of charms in a woman—sympathy. She would listen by the hour while I poured out to her my young hopes and ambitions; I could tell her all the dreams a young fellow cherishes most deeply—and would die of mortification if even his best friend guessed at their existence. She always understood; and though she talked little herself, she had the effect of making me appear at my very best. I felt I could move the world, if she would just stand by and watch. But in spite of her kindness and gentleness she turned me down. Many times I've questioned . . .

"That was all right for a sick boy," commented the Diplomat, "but for a wife, a girl like Alison—"

"Alison," echoed the Engineer, involuntarily, "a nice name, anyway; that was *her* name."

"Why—" the Explorer mused—"that's an odd coincidence; so was *hers*—Alison Forbes."

"Alison Forbes—" breathed the Socialist—"Alison Forbes—Marsden!"

And suddenly there was a silence, and the four friends looked strangely at one another. For they knew in that moment that there had been in those lives of theirs left far behind, not four first girls, but one—seen with different eyes.



"OH, HAVE A HEART!"



HOW FAR WILL HE GET?

The Intruder

By Reginald Barlow

MIDWINTER, bitterly cold.

Having entered the house, I drew the blinds and lit the gas-lights, stretched myself in an arm-chair and dosed. A strange feeling crept over me; someone else was in the room.

I slowly opened my eyes; they stared straight into a gun-muzzle; my hands flew up.

"Stand up!"

I stood.

The other hand deftly extracted my revolver.

"Sit down!"

I sat.

"Rotten weather!"

I agreed.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Basement window. How d'you?"

"Front door, of course."

He looked quizzically. "Ain't Richman coming home to-night?"

"Certainly not; don't expect him."

"That's funny. Where's the servants?" The curtains behind him trembled.

"With the Richmans, Atlantic City," I informed. "Why not call when he's home?" I inquired. A gun, hand and arm divided the curtain.

"Right; feel warmer now; must get to work."

"Been here before?" I asked, as the newcomer, tall and strong, covered the bullet-head before me.

"Sure. Remember the burglary in this house five years ago? Well, I was on that job. Another night like this. I sneaked up—"

"Biff!" The newcomer landed squarely. "Cord in that drawer," he said. "Tie him up."

I obeyed.

"You're Mr. Jones, I believe—I'm Mr. Richman," he continued. "My agent wired that I'd find you here. Knew I'd



LOOKING FORWARD



IF WE WERE TO GET BACK THE MONEY WE PUT ON SURE TIPS IN WALL STREET

be late, so sent you the key. What's the matter with our friend?"

Our prisoner had come to, gasping, "You Richman?"

"Yes."

"I'm Burns, Headquarters. Damn you, I'll pinch you too——"

He raved on. Richman lifted the 'phone. Found it out of order. I knew he would.

"Police Station is two blocks south," he informed me. "Go and notify them. I'll take care of this noisy person."

"Damn fool! He's a crook!" bawled the helpless one.

"He thinks you're as bad as himself," laughed Richman.

"How did you learn of my danger?" I inquired.

"I borrowed a basement key from the servants. On entering I heard voices up here; crept up-stairs, peeped through the curtains, saw your predicament, and nailed the fellow."

"I'm eternally grateful," I said warmly.

"Don't mention it. Now, go for the police, like a good fellow."

"Surely. Take care of yourself," I said. Entering the hall, I lifted a heavy fur coat as the thud of footsteps approached the front steps. I opened the door quickly and faced the newcomer, closing it behind me.

"Pardon! Is Mr. Richman in?" he inquired.

"Are you Jones?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Richman is waiting for you. Pardon

my haste. Let yourself in. You have a key."

My bag was very heavy, being full of Richman's silver and a few thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, but I made good time through the snow.

I remembered Richman saying the Police Station was two blocks south—which, of course, explains why I went north.

His Ideal

"LOOK here, Sam; don't you believe that an honest man is the noblest work of God?"

"Well, sah, I'se done giben up de idea ob bein' de noblest work ob God; all I asks is to make a livin'."



DECEMBER 30, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE *Tribune's* intentions towards the Republican party seem to be strictly honorable, but its usefulness is open to debate. It is the leader in exposition of the unworthiness of Mr. Wilson. When the Ancona note came out one said,

"This is pretty stiff: perhaps the *Tribune* will approve of it." Not so. The *Tribune* said:

Beyond all else Mr. Wilson's Ancona note is a confession of the moral bankruptcy of his German policy.

That is the way to do Mr. Wilson good. When *LIFE* grows languid in hoping for the best from and for the administration, it reads the *Tribune* and buckles to again, feeling that discontentment with the President when spelled out in full is not so reasonable as it looks in the ejaculatory form.

Just now the *Tribune* is threatening the Republicans with Roosevelt as their candidate if they don't wake up. Of course, that is interesting. Colonel Roosevelt is still a mighty interesting ingredient in all public discussion, but the question whether he will run again this year is something like the question whether Mark Twain would have sailed with Henry Ford if he had been alive. When you discuss this latter question you get into a speculation about character, and so you do when you discuss Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party. Besides considering how much Mr. Roosevelt is politically alive, you consider whether the Republican party has got any charac-

ter nowadays, and, if not, whether Mr. Roosevelt has got enough left to fit it out with one.

For character just now is in request. There are not only sincere doubts whether the Republican party has got any, but the same doubts as to the United States.

Our national character is felt to be getting faint in its lines and wobbly. We no longer know what manner of men we are. Nobody seems to be expressing us. We would like to be visualized to ourselves; also to other folks. Nobody seems to be doing it. Europe, Australia, Canada and doubtless the literate part of Asia seem to regard us as diligent dollar-hunters, oblivious of the great issues, and timid about our skins. We don't admit the picture is a likeness, but we admit that the impressions that have made it are excusable.

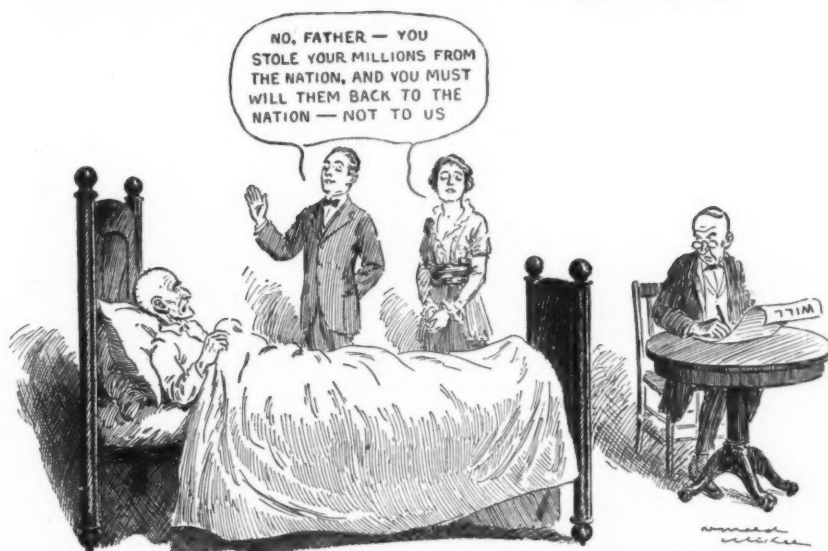
Here in the East that company which we describe to ourselves as "the thinking people" is getting worried. One hears that the Mississippi Valley and the West are prosperous, contented and not very thoughtful about the war except to be thankful not to be in it. The East takes it harder. War-news is our newspaper staple. Then something blows up or sinks, or someone is arrested on war charges, every day, and that brings it home to us. The East thinks profusely about the war, but it is rent with various leadings and opinions. It does not quite know where it stands or what it wants or who its leaders are. It does not know itself, much less the West, and it is worried. The cor-

respondence departments of its newspapers are full of conflicting cries; its reviews and magazines print forecasts of a great discipline and regenerative effort; we think that something serious and important is due to happen to us and ought to happen, but we are not at all definite in our notion of what it is.



BUT very soon now we are likely to find out. If there is courage and drive and ability enough in the administration, it will get to the front of this quest and solve our problem. If it lags unduly it will be passed on the road either by a Roosevelt-Republican amalgamation or some other Republican revival. The "thinking people" above described, and who, of course, are not all Easterners, are getting turbulent and beginning to push. They can push to good purpose on lines at present laid down by the administration; can push on the Ancona note, on the unfinished Lusitania negotiation, and on the army and navy bills. If Congress hangs back they can push Congress to such a pressure of taxation as will test the country's spirit, and determine what its views are and how much it is ready to do to back them.

We would do well to think of the military enlargement plan not so much as a preparation for war, and more as a means of discipline and instruction. We should want it not to be too lightly borne, but to get home to the people. It should be a call for service even more than for money—for something thoroughly distributed, something that aims not to make selfishness safe, but to make self-sacrifice a habit. A large proportion of our people need to have brought home to them their responsibilities as citizens of the United States—need to be reminded that their country will not take care of itself, but is a first charge on their thoughts and energies. Really, it is as though a call had come to the American people to sit up, get together, re-



THE UNEXPECTED THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN

organize themselves and become civilized citizens of the world.



NOW of course, when you call upon a hundred million go-as-you-please republicans to sit up and become civilized, it seems a large, loose order. A great cry arises: "We are civilized! Look at us! Behold the works of our hands! We are the most civilized of anybody!"

That's not saying much. To call oneself the most civilized of anybody in this just-present world seems faint praise. But we are not even that. It is true property is still fairly safe here, insurance companies still sell policies on us, trains run pretty well on some of our railroads, and our letters are usually delivered if we drop them in the box. But the French can teach us many things, the Germans many, the English some. And it is fifty years since we have had to stand a hard strain. For fifty years since the Civil War we have gone on living more or less apart from the world, with no very heavy duties laid on us except to take care of ourselves, and no serious mix-up with any powerful

nation. But now the licensed expounders tell us that our period of standing-by is over, and that the Great War will complete for us that final introduction into world-society that began in 1898. They say that hereafter we will be expected to do our share in managing the world, and that if we don't, we must expect to be managed.

Now we know what kind of sports our neighbors affect, and that if we have got to go into their games we must wrestle with real wrestlers and go 'round the track at pretty high speed. That means training, which, for a nation, includes habitual service by a multitude of citizens, industrial, social, educational and political organization, and a great development of capacity to put the right men in charge and keep them there as long as they are efficient.

It is a great task to keep a big nation in training, but that's what it means to say that we have got to be civilized, for all the civilized nations are just now in the severest training possible, and if we are to be an active member of their family we must train too. But to direct a great, trained nation so that its civilization will increase the security of the world is a greater task even than to train it. We have got to do that too. We have got to increase our strength for offense or defense, and increase proportionately our sagacity

and self-restraint, so that we may not abuse it. That is what it means to be civilized; to be strong and ready, and yet long-suffering and just. It is a hard combination, and liable to creak at times, but how can we avoid it? Shall we cultivate weakness for fear we might abuse strength? No! Not even with Germany's example before us may we venture to do that. If we are going in for civilization we shall have to take our chances with its details, confident that our sins will find us out anyway, and persuaded that it is better that they should not find us too slack.



At present we are dreadfully slack, and the worst of it is that so many of us are so little agitated about it. Our civilized neighbors are in such an appalling pickle that it makes us seem the safest people on earth. But that is partly our luck—and partly the kindness of some of our friends who stand between us and danger. It gives us a breathing spell and a chance to get into training, but it is not a permanent or natural condition, and it will be still less natural when the war ends and we have everybody's money and weak bolts on our front door and no valuable fighting experience. We must take the war harder; much harder. If there is a railroad accident or a factory fire and a hundred people are killed, we get preventive laws by the score. But here's this war a year and five months old, and millions killed, and what have we done in behalf of the public safety?

This is the great matter that is before the American people. There is plenty else to talk about—the dastardly efforts of divers and sundry (not to mention the prison ring) to destroy Warden Osborne, the remarkable proceedings anent our Public Service Commission in New York, the recurring needs of the Belgians, the only people in Europe who think kindly of us; the dreadful straits of the Poles, the Servians, the Armenians—all these are pressing matters, but the great matter of all for us just now is to get our country into training to hold its own and do its duty in the world of civilized nations.



A Story from the Front





A Socialistic Tract from the Past



THE woes of the Silesian weavers forty years ago do not seem suggestive of dramatic interest here and now. So graphic, however, is the depiction of wretched industrial conditions in Hauptmann's "The Weavers," that only a quarter of a century since the German government was so afraid of its socialistic influence that for three years it would not authorize a presentation of the piece.

Strictly speaking, "The Weavers" is not a drama, although it has been a favorite medium with Continental actors for the display of their powers as portrayers of character, to a considerable extent in a humorous vein. Like "Treasure Island," it is a novelty as compared with modern dramas, in that it has no love interest. In fact, "The Weavers" is devoid of plot. It is a series of pictures with speaking characters. Its five divisions, called acts, show the wretched conditions of the weavers, ground down to starvation wages, the gradual growth of the mob spirit among them, and finally their outbreak against their wealthy employers, a revolt whose violence is successful in the destruction of property, but which

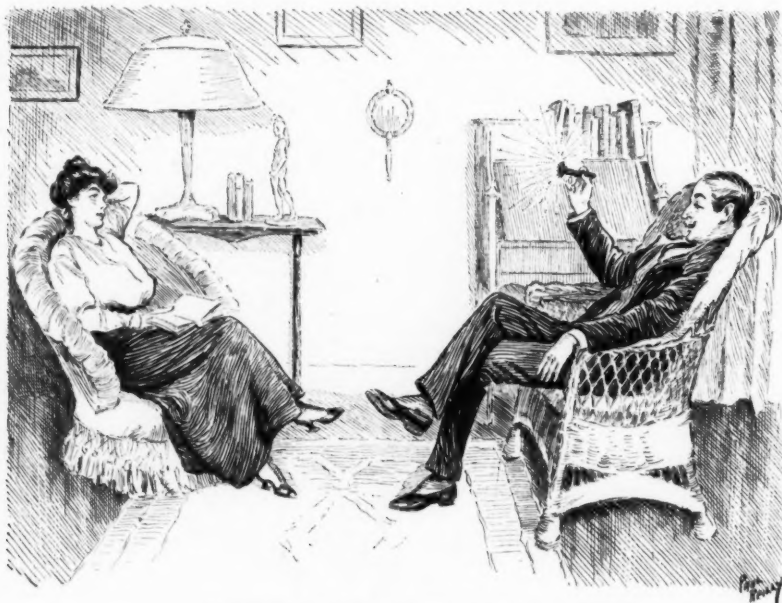
so far as is here shown gets them nowhere. As an advertisement calling public and governmental attention to their condition, it might have had its value. For dramatic purposes and as a socialistic argument, the events portrayed seem to be without conclusive effect.



THE first American presentation of "The Weavers" in English is that of Mr. Emanuel Reicher's company at the Garden Theatre. Despite the fragmentary character of the piece, its foreign atmosphere and lack of contemporary application, there's no denying a certain interest to this performance of "The Weavers." The author's character drawing, its excellent interpretation by many members of the company, but above all the growth of the spirit of discontent, growing and growing, and its progression into the actual violence of the attacking mob, perhaps take the place of the development of a plot. This mob growth is shown largely in the noises that come to the audience from off stage and increasingly creep into the consciousness of the listener with an import of terror. This feature has been admirably handled by the stage management.

Unfortunately for better understanding of the lines, some of the actors speak a very hyphenated English and others do not know how to enunciate. Although much that he says is not understandable, it is evident that Mr. Adolph Link is a finished artist in the school of detail familiar abroad but little followed here. Mr. Reicher himself is absolutely incomprehensible in a minor rôle as one of the oppressed weavers. The acting throughout is mostly in bits, but showed good inspiration from the direction and sincere effort by those in the cast.

"The Weavers" will find an audience among those who know, remember or can understand the sorrows of labor in Europe, but it is not calculated to appeal to the general theatregoing public in America.



"HOW ARE THE CIGARS AUNT EMILY GAVE YOU?"
"THIS IS ONE—BUT I'M SAVING THE OTHERS FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY."



THE end of the calendar year has nothing to do with the theatrical season, except that it marks the halfway point of accomplishment. A mid-season retrospect shows no very tremendous achievements in an artistic way, no epoch-marking discoveries in the way of plays, authors or artists, and nothing to note in the way of changing tendencies. The war abroad has sent us an oversupply of artists looking for work, but it has largely shut off our European supply of plays. The dramatists over there seemed to be going to seed before the war began, and now their activities have practically stopped altogether.

The war has given us financial prosperity, and the theatre has been one of the first institutions to profit by it. No abnormal efforts have been necessary to get the public into the theatres, and this may account for the fact that, in the main, the season has been a clean one. The season has given the American

dramatist his chance, and some of them, especially those who write in the lighter vein, have availed themselves of it profitably. Now, with the prosperity still prevalent and the compliments of the season flying broadcast, we may hopefully look forward to what promises to be, theatrically, a very busy half-year.



HOW old is the boy who never grew up? It may surprise a good many theatregoers to learn that it is only a little over ten years since "Peter Pan" had its first performance at the Empire Theatre. It seems longer than that, but things of the stage have a way of deceiving us in the matter of time. For instance, there's a sure-thing gambler in New York who makes a comfortable income betting on Lillian Russell's age. Metcalfe.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. The commercial side of the prohibition movement and the revival method of saving souls humorously shown in well-acted farcical comedy.

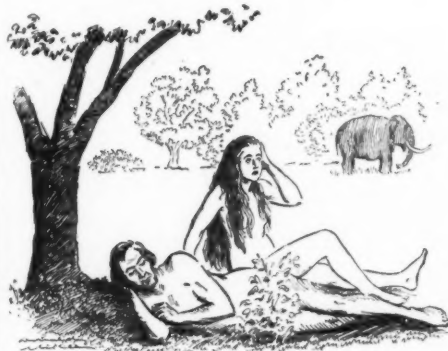
Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players and their four interesting and uniquely staged playlets.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Well-staged and well-acted comedy, with its witty shafts directed principally at the doctors and some phases of the practice of medicine.

Booth.—Mr. E. H. Sothorn as Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin." The star fairly successful in perpetuating his father's successes for the amusement of the present generation.

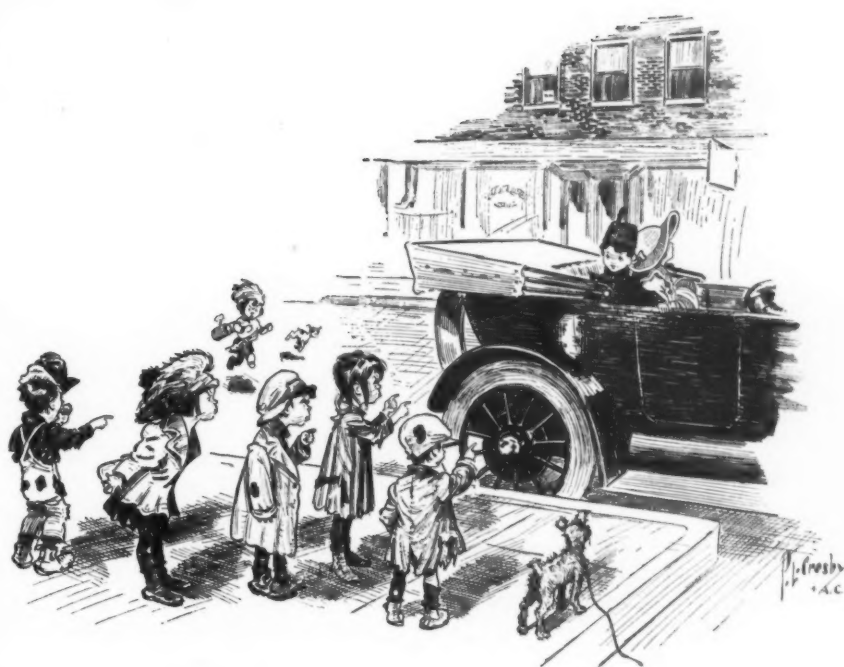
Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Drama of crime well presented, and having for its motive an instance of the long memory of the police for criminals.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Comic



Eve: I DREAMED THAT I SLIPPED OVER A PRECIPICE, AND A TREE BROKE MY FALL.

"WELL, DREAMS GO BY CONTRARIES. THAT MUST MEAN THAT A TREE IS GOING TO START IT."



"COME ON, MAGGIE, AN' HELP US MAKE FACES AT 'EM"

operetta of the Viennese type, clever in book and tuneful in score.

Century.—Closed.

Comedy.—"Hobson's Choice," by Mr. Harold Brighouse. A close study of a humble phase of life in Lancashire, very funny and very well acted.

Cort.—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. American comic operetta, melodic and diverting.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. The funniest of the farces, always on thin ice, but never going through. Excellently acted.

Empire.—Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Katinka." Musical piece by Friml and Hauerbach. Notice later.

Forty-eighth Street.—Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene," by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. Mixture of symbolism and modern life, dealing with the eternal problem of the woman outcast. Interesting and well played.

Fulton.—"Ruggles of Red Gap." Notice later.

Globe.—"Stop! Look! Listen!" with Gaby Deslys. Notice later.

Harris.—"The Devil's Garden." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Ballet, spectacle, vaudeville features and ice carnival with expert skaters. Big and brilliantly staged.

Hudson.—"Under Fire." Last week of this interesting and well-acted war drama with its graphic scenic settings.

Knickerbocker.—The Triangle moving pictures, the distinctive feature being the introduction of well-known legitimate stars.

Liberty.—"The Birth of a Nation." Last fortnight of the impressive moving-picture drama and spectacle portraying historical events at the close of the Civil War.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. Drama

of the people connected with grand opera. Highly interesting and very well played.

Lyceum.—"Our Mrs. McChesney." Dramatic version of the Edna Ferber stories of the woman drummer, with Ethel Barrymore effective in the title part.

Lyric.—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and R. C. Megrue. Our old friends of the cloak-and-suit trade, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter, still laughable, although in more luxurious surroundings.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Ware Case," by Mr. George Plydell. Mr. Lou-Telegen and Gladys Hanson appearing to advantage in the leading rôles of a not very well constructed crime drama.

Playhouse.—Grace George in "Major Barbara," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Admirably acted satirical comedy in its author's usual vein. Ten years old, but happens to hit the present discussion of preparedness.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Delightfully staged and very well played dramatic version of Stevenson's famous pirate story.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. Jane Cowl and Messrs. John Mason and Russ Whytal heading an unusually good company in interesting drama dealing with the double standard of the law of the sexes.

Shubert.—"Alone at Last." Comic operetta with its score by Lehar rather more pretentious than usual. Well sung.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspacher. Unwholesome drama purporting to show some abnormal phases of New York life. Well acted with Emily Stephens as the star.

Winter Garden.—"The World of Pleasure." The sort of classic enjoyed by the t. b. m. Full of rag-time, dancing, chorus girls and glittering settings.

Ziegfeld's Follies.—Frothy but amusing midnight entertainment for the never-sleeps.

Harold and His Pa

"PAPA," said Harold, "what is Mr. Ford trying to do?"

Harold's father raised his eyes from one of Arthur Brisbane's editorial advertisements of the theatre.

"My boy," he said, "there are some things too obscure for your immature mind. Now, if you will only ask me about Plato or Goethe or the Koran or the fourth dimension——"

This pleased Harold greatly.

"I am so glad, father," he said, "that you don't understand, because I can explain it all to you, and this is the first time in my life, isn't it, that I could tell you anything?"

"Well?"

"Mr. Ford is tired of having Mr. Wilson sitting down and doing nothing, and taking insults from Germany, and having Americans blown up, and watchful waiting, and he is going to stop the war in Europe by threatening to make them all ride in Ford cars over there, in case they don't quit right off. That's the latest Ford joke. I know a lot more, and——"

"One moment, Harold. You mustn't be frivolous about this very serious matter. Mr. Ford is a noble man, fired with patriotism, and burning with a sense of humanity——"

"But so are we burning, father. We have money to burn, and we are burning also. Germany has been burning us and——"

Harold's father put down his paper and looked at his son severely.

"What's the matter with you this morning?" he said. "You seem to be saturated with a kind of comic supplement atmosphere. Be reverent, my son; be reverent. Such levity in a young boy is most unbecoming."

"That isn't being irreverent, father. That's only hysterics."

"Hysterics?"

"Yes; you see, that's where you land after you have been as serious as you can be. I know, because I am just beginning to study psychology, and that tells how the mind works. And the teacher said that after you had been thinking about the war, and thinking and thinking, you bound to the other end of your emotions, and you laugh

and don't care, and just get funny and hysterical—sort of silly. That's what's the matter with me, because I'm normal—so the teacher says—and Mr. Ford has made me hysterical. His peace-ship makes me laugh; I don't quite know why—psychology just makes me do it, too."

"And that's why so many people are laughing about Mr. Ford, is it? Well, well. I'm glad to know."

"Yes, father; you see, there are a lot of normal people everywhere, and—well, they remain normal, in spite of everything, I guess."

Harold's father's face, which had been solemn, now began to relax. Then they both looked at each other silently for a moment—and smiled together. Then Harold's father said:

"It is kind of funny, isn't it?"

A Look Ahead

FAITHFUL readers of the *Tribune* now see our President's finish on an island somewhere in company with William, Constantine, Ferdinand, and Admiral Von Tirpitz.

They pay our President the compliment of forecasting that in paper games between these to-be-retired statesmen, final possession of the blue chips will lie between him and Ferdinand.

A Sure Thing

"I ASK you, sir, would you take your daughter to see a play like that?"

"And I answer you, sir: No; the chances are nine to one that she has already seen it."

EVERY bachelor should change his quarters for a better half.



AT THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE

Famous Vivisector: YES, THAT'S MY SUBMARINE DOG. I CAN FILL HIM WITH TORPEDO MICROBES AND SINK A WHOLE FLEET OF DREADNAUGHTS



THE PROPER TREATMENT

FOR THE AGENT WHO TOLD YOU LAST SUMMER THAT YOU WOULD ENJOY YOUR
NEW PLACE MUCH MORE IN THE WINTER TIME

Two of a Kind

ON the eve of Thanksgiving the
Boston Transcript found it

pretty hard to be sincerely thankful for having lost our national honor, for having ignored our obligations to France and Lafayette, for having bent the craven knee and bowed the servile head, for having forgotten the murdered children of the *Lusitania*, and seen ten million Belgians and Armenians slaughtered without a protest.

A few lines further on it announces that

Brand Whitlock, kicked out of Belgium by a Prussian boot, arrives in New York to-day.

The same line of information is back of both these disclosures. Neither of

them is true. Brand Whitlock was not kicked out of Belgium, and we have not lost our national honor, nor ignored our obligations to France, nor bent the craven knee, nor bowed the servile head. All that has happened is that the *Transcript* has hired in a new paragrapher who does not as yet know how to read the news.

How About the Typhus?

AMERICAN doctors cleaned up typhus in Serbia and made it safe for the German armies to go in there.

Those who died in the work may be satisfied, but how do the survivors feel?

TO be ready to back yourself to your last cent, that is genius.

To-morrow's News

THE only munitions factory left in this country was blown up by the German-Americans yesterday afternoon. They were given a reception in the evening, as usual.

This evening, the last play in which real actors appear on the stage will be given at the Broadway theatre, in which a temporary stage has been erected for this purpose.

A bottle of whiskey, on view at the Metropolitan Museum, was seen by crowds.

Factory fires in this vicinity yesterday burned up only about twenty-five hundred people—a splendid showing!

Had To

King Constantine has broken the silence.—*Courier-Journal*.

CONSTANTINE will be recalled as the Grecian potentate whose German wife corrects his views with a hatpin.

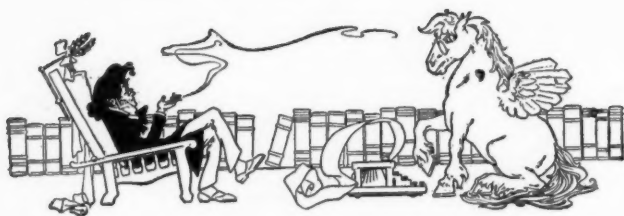
Probably he broke the silence to avoid a puncture.

FIRST AMERICAN CITIZEN: Just back from London?

SECOND AMERICAN CITIZEN: Yes.
"What steamer were you rescued from?"



A HARDY ANNUAL
NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



The Latest Books

SOMETHING is happening to American fiction. Not something sudden and violent, like a thunderstorm or an earthquake. But something gradual and beneficent, like a turning tide or the break of day. It is being suffused, pervaded, energized, by a new aim, based on a new realization. It is becoming glowingly aware of the interestingness of the life that is being obscurely and neglectedly lived everywhere around it. And it is trying, awkwardly but honestly, to turn from plot-mongering to the interpreting of its discovery. Dorothy Canfield's novel, "The Bent Twig" (Holt, \$1.35), is the latest and by no means the least happy example of this transformation. It is the story of a home in a small western University town; of the influences that met in it; of a child that grew up under them, and of the woman she became.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE is a practitioner of pragmatism. The fictionalized history that he writes may or may not be hole-proof as history, and is certainly open to caviling criticism as fiction. But it works. For it implants, not merely in our superficial memories, but in our underlying consciousness, a vivid and lasting illusion of experience. To have read his "Gold" is, somehow, to have camp-fired with the Argonauts. And his new tale of Frisco under the Vigilantes, "The Grey Dawn" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.35), is similarly tonic to the imagination. The adventures of its hero are of ephemeral interest. Its fictitious characters are mere mummies at a fair. But the fair itself is re-created in us so that we seem ourselves to have attended it.

TAKE Solomon, Socrates, the Chevalier Bayard, El Cid, Robin Hood, General Joffre, and your own particular pet hero. Mix well and let simmer for some time over a slow imagination. Skim off the human frailties that rise to the surface. Pour the resultant psychology into a large gray-and-black pup, half wolf-hound and half blood-hound. And you will have the hero of A. J. Dawson's "Jan—A Dog and a Romance" (Harper, \$1.25). Of course, some conscientious kennel-master is going to stand up in meeting and accuse the author of nature-faking. But then kennel-masters do not like dogs. "Jan" isn't a nature-fake. It is just dog-talk about the angel Gabriel.

IT is odd to find war correspondence, like wine, improving with age. One would rather look to see it go flat, like birch beer. However, there is a reason. Herbert Adams Gibbons was staff correspondent of an American newspaper in Paris at the outbreak of the war. His letters to his home paper from September 30th to Christmas, 1914—concise, unaffected, alert reports of day-by-day life in the stricken city—have now, at what would seem to be this late date, been gathered into book form under the title of "Paris Reborn" (Cen-

tury, \$2.00). And behold!—so fast have we been moving—these notes have already taken on perspective and this journal has become history.

ENGLISH versions of Slavonic literature, these days, bear a striking resemblance to movie-screen versions of human gestures. The original movement is maddeningly broken up into short jerks. "Homo Sapiens" (Knopf, \$1.50) is the love history of a super-Don Juan whom evolution has failed to divest of a conscience and whom this spiritual vermiform appendix tortures with its chronic inflammations and finally destroys. It is by Stanislaw Przybyszewski. And the reading of it has much the same effect upon the non-Polish mind that the author's name has upon non-Polish ears.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Make It Feet

A ROW in Atlanta (December 5th) because the Board of Education ordered a physical examination of six hundred young women school teachers by the head of the Medical Inspection Department—eyes, ears, noses, throats, hearts and lungs. The two last make the trouble. Some of the young ladies object to the privacy of their hearts and lungs being disturbed.

But the Medical Inspection Department has got to earn its wages somehow. Why not make it feet instead of hearts and lungs for those girls who prefer it so? There is a great work to be done on feet. And though it belongs mainly to the later years of life, feet taken young may be prevented.

How Much More War?

GENERAL JOFFRE is quoted as expecting two years more of war.

General Joffre seems over-sanguine. The war may go on until it stops for lack of Germans, and that may take two years. But it may also stop because there is not enough left in Europe to be worth fighting over, and that may happen sooner.



A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Johnny: GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR. I'M GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF



"We don't know where we're going, but we're on the way"

Mixed In His Jameses

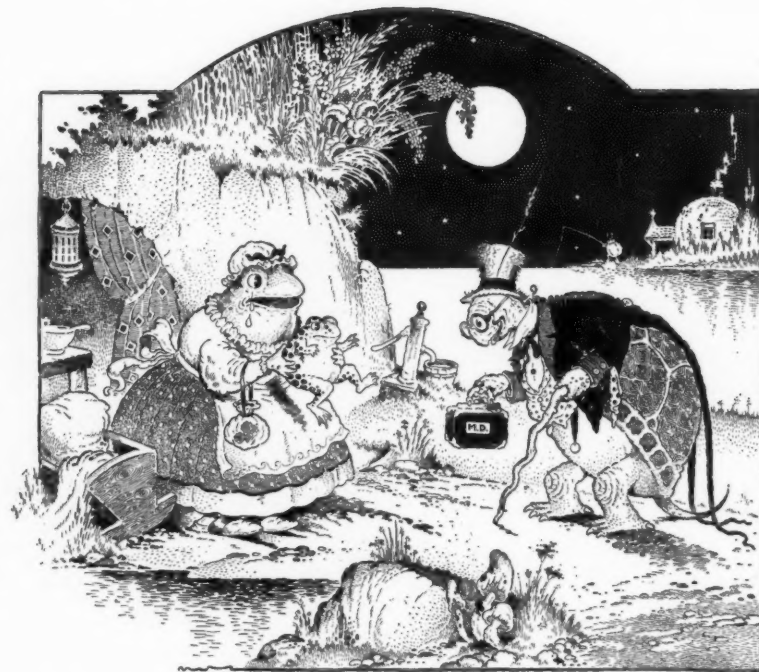
THE writer in the *Boston Transcript* who talked learnedly about the Joline collection of autographs, and incidentally of "G. P. R. James, the novelist, father of Henry James and William James," must have been suffering from a kind of literary Jim-James. But, at any rate, he has made people laugh. Henry James, the father of Henry and William, was quite as interesting a man as either of them, though not quite so extensively advertised.

Annual Report of the Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Rich

WE have paid visits to 784 millionaires, their condition varying, ranging from the extreme of abject misery to that of seeming forgetfulness of their surroundings. We found a large proportion destitute of the ordinary comforts of the mind.

Some of them, however, seemed hopeful of the future, and one or two had heard about God. It is very difficult to help them, because, as their characters are entirely undeveloped, they become easily dependent and accept all sorts of favors as an acquired right.

This committee, however, feels very strongly that the work should go on. To abandon these sufferers to their own meagre resources and the intimate



Mother Frog: OH, DOCTOR, SOMETHING AWFUL HAS HAPPENED TO BABY. HE'S SIMPLY COVERED WITH SPOTS

vulgarity of their environment would be, in our opinion, a severe arraignment of our own Christianity. We recommend, therefore, that the work be kept up. Although only an occasional millionaire be reclaimed, the state, in the long run, is bound to reap the wholesome reward.

If They Told the Truth

"I NEVER saw your wife looking worse."

"I would love to go to church, if it weren't for your sermons."

"Come on home and take dinner with me, old fellow; there's nothing I can think of that would make my wife any madder."

"Nothing pleases me any more than to sit in a stuffy room. I love bad air."

"Darling, my only thought in marrying you is my own happiness."

"I assure you, madam, that this operation is purely an experiment. You may live, but—"

Usually

WILLIS: How did Christmas go off at your place?

GILLIS: As usual. Christmas Eve we wrapped all the presents we gave and Christmas Day we rapped all the presents we received.



THE NEW DOCTOR



"DON'T NEGLECT TO CLEAN YOUR FOOTS"

Decency and Indecency

It does not pay to be decent. I know what I am talking about. The only producers getting rich today are those who trade in indecency.—William A. Brady, before the Woman's Press Club.

MR. BRADY takes indecency too seriously. There is truth in what he says, but it is a narrow sort of truth, that moves in a thin line, not wider than Broadway. It doesn't cover the entire country.

We are such a commercial people that, if it paid as much as Mr. Brady says to be indecent, there wouldn't be so much decency as there is. And there is, after all, a fair amount.

Considering decency and indecency, each as commercial propositions, the sum total of the profits from decency is much larger than that from indecency. Uncle Tom's Cabin was decent, and it had a larger vogue than any other play. The Old Homestead was decent, and it made lots of money for its owners. The Gilbert and Sullivan plays were decent, and most of

them were played over again last winter.

There is a fringe of perverted folks hanging on to any social structure that batten on indecency. Mr. Brady has mistaken the fringe for the whole cloth.

In the long run, there is nothing so dull as indecency. As a substitute for brains, it is naturally popular with certain theatrical managers. But Mr. Brady has brains, and he ought to know better than to preach a doctrine like that.

Jumping on Henry

SOME very harsh remarks have been made about Henry Ford by persons who are impatient of his audacities. Judge Parker, for example, speaks of him as "a clown, strutting on the stage for a little time."

To be sure! And yet it takes quite a provision of material to make so interesting a clown as Henry. He is ridiculous, but not any more ridiculous than war.

There is a good deal to Henry.

Imagine two equal piles of human material, out of one of which was to be fashioned Henry Ford and out of the other Judge Parker. If you were a naked spirit awaiting incarnation, and had the chance to furnish yourself with humanity out of the remnants of one of those piles, which would you chose? Would there be more material left over after making Judge Parker or Henry Ford?

Colonel George Harvey is in England, and he also speaks with less than his usual urbanity of Henry. He wishes to relieve the British mind of the impression that Henry represents the American people, and that is right. But possibly he is the more fervent because of a certain professional impatience with a great handler of publicity by entertainment. Colonel George himself has gifts as a showman, and has remarkable achievements to his credit, but his command of resources was never quite so ample as Henry Ford's, and he never equaled in kind Henry's extraordinary exploit with the Oscar II.



"HORRORS! ANOTHER YEAR!"

Exit Bartholdt

AFTER all, Dr. Bartholdt of Missouri could not go with Ford. On November 25th he accepted; on November 30th he withdrew his acceptance. On November 29th Mr. Ford was quoted as saying in Detroit:

If the war is stopped now, England will have done it. If England had not come in when it had, militarism would have overridden France and everything else. I am pro-British if the war is stopped now. I motored through that country for 7,000 miles, and all the time in that three months or more I never heard a cross word, the English being the kindest and quietest people I have ever met.

It is inferred that Dr. Bartholdt saw the interview and felt at once that the Ship of Peace was no place for him.

We owe Henry Ford many cheering holiday thoughts, don't we?

A McClellan for France

IT ought to be known that the sister of George B. McClellan, the German apologist, lives in Paris and is supporting the families of eight French soldiers in her house. She is Madame May McClellan Desprez. Her husband, Paul Desprez, was French ambassador to Chile.

AMAN is known by the servants his wife keeps.

Life's Spy Reports for Duty

Great Change Now Expected in Our International Relationships

LIFE has just undertaken the most important enterprise in its history. A professional spy has been engaged to protect German interests in this country. He is a fine, noble fellow, nearly four feet in height, with glossy eyebrows not over six inches long, and is very strong for his age, having stood up before a subway guard for nearly ten minutes before he was knocked out. His name is Patronika Gotsbiffer.

"I mean business," said Mr. Gotsbiffer this morning between his set teeth, as he playfully handled a large, handsome dagger, presented to him by Jane Addams and W. J. Bryan. "I propose to find out whether Germans can be insulted by the president of any old ammunition factory running in this country, or not."

Last week has been a busy week for us, preparing Mr. Gotsbiffer for his onerous duties. On Monday a reception was given in his honor by the Pacifist Society. Mr. Ford made a short speech.

"In order to have a lasting peace," he said, "we should arrange matters so that the Germans can't possibly lose; to do this we must hamper the Allies as much as possible; the less help we

give them the longer the war will last, it is true, but nobody ought to dominate. I am, therefore, in favor of withdrawing help from everybody except those who do not need it."

Mr. Bryan sent a telegram that he could not be present as he was writing a prospectus for his coming lectures. He said:

"If we could raise one million Patronika Gotsbiffers over night, the war in America would stop to-morrow."

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in fitting out Mr. Gotsbiffer with everything necessary to carry out his great work. One hundred tons of dynamite were presented to him by the city of Pittsburgh, together with the freedom of the city. Said the Mayor:

"We must show the world that we are above mere money consideration. How can we do this? By turning the left cheek to every nation. We have been too proud recently in our supplying of war orders to the Allies. Mr. Gotsbiffer will show us something better—will point a higher way. We need a good blowing up, anyway."

The Secretary of State has been requested to supply Mr. Gotsbiffer with a passport to all of our public buildings, arsenals and ammunition factories. If he refuses, then application will be made to the Secretaries of the Navy and Army respectively.

The rest of the week was spent in
(Continued on page 1295)



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Tired of War

A SYMPATHETIC Princeton correspondent writes to LIFE deploring the gloom that oppresses the world, entreating LIFE to bear up against it, and begging for a Good-Natured Man's number.

An indulgent Amherst professor writes to much the same effect, except that he says we have Teutonophobia, whereas our Princeton brother's last word is an injunction that we "continue to give it hot and good and plenty to Der Kaiser and his underlings."

A good many minds, worn with war, are coming to the condition of Lincoln's when he read Josh Billing's joke-book to give him a change of thought. No doubt LIFE ought to provide such a change of thought for weary war-readers. Very likely it should not allude to the war at all. It is not a gay subject, and attempts to make it so are lugubrious. But LIFE, being LIFE, cannot very well omit a war which seems to have all existing life in its grasp and to be determining the immediate future of humanity in a degree altogether beyond the measure of any war we have known about.

Excuse us, good friends, if we are inextricably interested. Can you recommend us something cheerful to read while all this devilment is going on? Excuse us if we take sides and deprecate the aims and regret the activities of the so-largely-commendable Germans! How can anybody who is not yet dead avoid taking sides in this war? How can anybody but a German, born or by marriage, avoid to deprecate the German aims?

We know it will end some time, and that there will be millions of people left alive even in Europe, and that life will adjust itself and go on again, and will presently regain a wholesome degree of gaiety. But meanwhile the world is a boiling pot, and LIFE, which is part of it, has to sizzle in sympathy.

Fixing a Limit

INSPECTOR: You don't seem to have any fire-escapes in this building.

OWNER OF FACTORY: Well—er—no. "What are you going to do about it?"

"What amount would you suggest?"

Information from Headquarters

THE American Government was interviewed yesterday afternoon at four o'clock. He received our correspondent in the conventional frock coat and shoe-string tie, but appeared slightly more uneasy than usual.

"You have been called a necessary evil," he was told, "and the object of this visit is to inquire from you personally for whom you really exist."

The A. G. smiled pleasantly at this, and appeared more comfortable.

"For the American business man," he said. "And I am greatly surprised, my friend, that you should have come all the way to Washington to ascertain this obvious fact."

Our correspondent, who is accustomed to interview people of less than average intelligence, was not dismayed at this.

"Not at all," he replied urbanely. "The newspapers tell us that you exist for the especial purpose of enabling them to increase their circulations by printing your scandals. The ladies declare that you exist for their benefit, in order that they may have some one to whom, at periodical intervals, they can make impassioned appeals; the army of pensioners are strong for the idea that you live only that they may live; the office-holders are equally positive that you exist for them; while the farmer, the politician, the reformer are all apparently laboring under the con-

viction that without them you would be a nonentity. What have you to say to this?"

To which the A. G. replied:

"My friend, when you first appeared, I was afraid that you might be a tariff expert, but inasmuch as you are only a newspaper man, and all secrets are safe with you, I don't mind telling you the truth. I bestow a few of my favors upon the people whom you mention, just to keep them going, but my first and foremost concern is the American business man. He is my first and only love. For his sake I am always willing to cater to foreign powers and to sacrifice my patriotism and my pride. In short, young man, I am a government of the business man, for the business man and by the business man."

Like Enough

IT is probable, though not certain, that the German Foreign Office, in concert with the Hyphens, contrived the big Culebra slide.

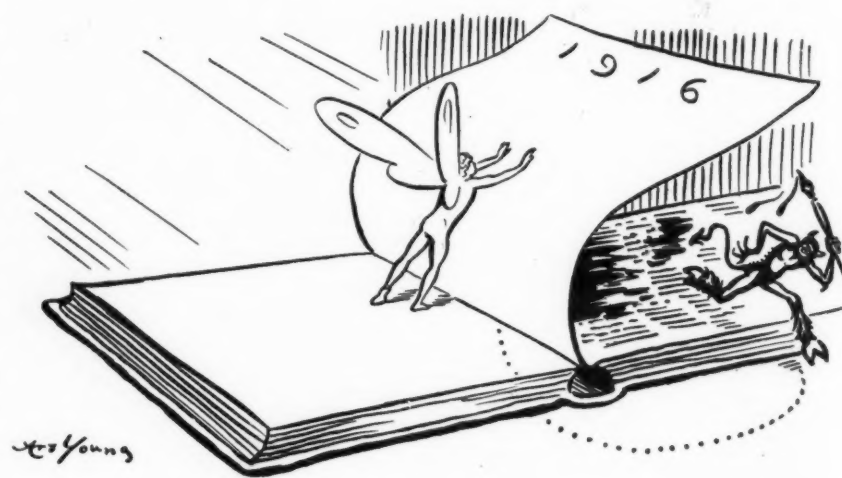
THERE was a young man of (deleted)

Who went to enlist at (name censored).

He shouldered his gun,

Went forth on the run

And was wounded three times at (a certain place in northern France).



Both: BULLY! A NEW PAGE



THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

Gamblers!

Getting a boy or girl started right is the crux of the employment problem.—Walter L. Sears, Supt. of the N. Y. Public Employment Bureau.

ISN'T it still more important to make him stick, after he does get started right? Most boys don't stick long enough to one thing. They would like to reap a quick return without any preliminary drudgery. Getting something for nothing is not confined to Wall Street.

To Be Considered

"MY dears, your father thinks you should all go to hear his lecture to-night, just for the sake of appearance."

"But, mama, won't it have just the opposite effect; won't people think he is cruel?"

Profit and Loss in War-Orders

PART of the price we pay for profits on war-orders is the enmity of Germany, which, in the end, we shall probably have to spend enormous sums to face.

Reckoned strictly on a business basis our war-order profits probably cost more than they are worth. But what they bring in is cash, and the munitions makers get it, and what they cost is largely prospective and the tax-payers will have to settle for it.

But few of us reckon war-order profits strictly on a business basis. We don't care who makes the immediate profit, or who will have to pay the eventual cost. Filling war-orders seems the main part our country can take in the war to save civilization. Therefore, we want them filled.

Mr. Osborne Gets a Backer

THE *Sun* first and last has scoffed a good deal at Thomas Mott Osborne, both as a politician and a prison reformer, but the other day, in the course of an editorial, it came out with this:

Mr. Osborne has erred in certain applications of his theories. He has not always exhibited that acuteness of judgment which a superwarden would show. But he has made a definite, intelligent attempt to cure the brazen abuses and ghastly defects of a prison which only abandonment can render tolerable, and he deserves support in a much greater degree than do the sinister influences that seek to destroy his whole experiment.

That is a very significant opinion, and, in our view, a just one.

Mr. Osborne deserves support, and he is getting it.



Rank Injustice

"Pa," inquired a seven-year-old seeker after the truth, "is it true that school-teachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said the father.

"Well, then," said the youth indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when us kids do all the work?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"WHAT has become of the candidate who used to have his photo taken beside a load of hay?"

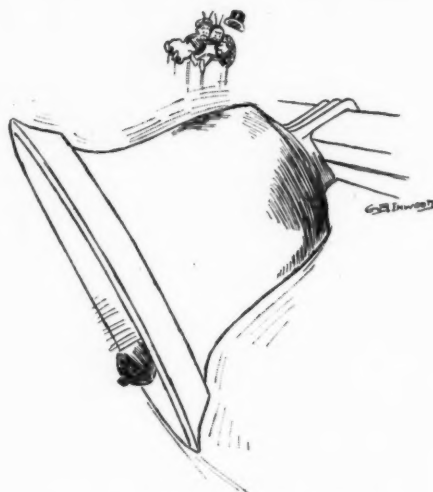
"He may be a little out of date. However, no candidate has as yet mustered up the nerve to have his photo taken beside a stock ticker."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

FIRST LADY: Strike me then—I defy yer—strike me!

SECOND LADY: Ugh! I wouldn't flatter yer by altering the shape of yer face.

—*London Opinion*.



"GOOD NIGHT, DEAR. THERE GOES THE CURFEW"

Wasn't Interested in Chautauquas

This story was told by Admiral Dewey of the United States Navy.

One afternoon the business agent for a Chautauqua went to a prosperous town to see some of the natives with regard to booking a performance and finally landed in the office of Jones.

"Yes, I am Mr. Jones," said the occupant. "What can I do for you?"

"I called to see you about a Chautauqua," returned the visitor.

"Nothing doing," curtly interrupted Jones. "My wife and I have already decided on a car of another make."

—*Kansas City Star*.

The Remedy

"I told father I loved you more than any girl I've ever met."

"And what did father say?"

"He said to try and meet some more girls."—*Puget Sound Trail*.

"YES," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "they were very careful about that infectious membranous croup. They had anecdotes hanging up all over the house."

—*Baltimore Sun*.

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



The enthusiasm for France inspired by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.

THE advice to "keep a good table and don't forget the ladies" came fittingly from the great Emperor of France. From France we now get the matchless epicurean gift of Perrier Water. And to complete the accord with Napoleon's advice, the subtle delicacy of Perrier appeals particularly to ladies.

Perrier is bottled at the Springs in the South of France amidst the glorious French vineyards. There is no saltiness in Perrier, the great reason why it combines so perfectly with Wines and Spirits.

N.B.—A glass of Perrier alone or with a slice of lemon in the early morning is invaluable in gout and uric acid troubles—the bugbear of middle-age.

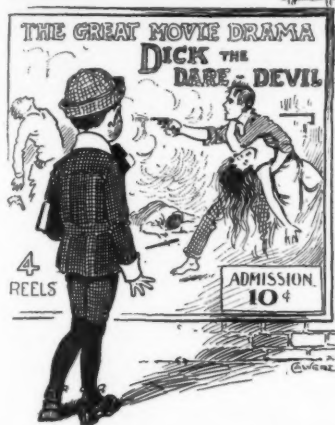
For a high-class High-ball—say
PERRIER



Bubbling with its own Carbonic Gas.

Obtainable at all high-class Hotels, Restaurants and Grocers. WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway, New York.





WHY A CERTAIN TEN-CENT PIECE DIDN'T
GET INTO THE FOREIGN MISSIONS BOX

Life's Spy Reports for Duty

(Continued from page 1290)

going over the plans for the invasion of New York.

Mr. Gotsbiffer says that if we give in peacefully, not a building or church will be destroyed. He has conclusive evidence to show that, in the long run, this will be much cheaper for us than if we go to the expense of building an army and navy adequate to protect us.

"What you need," said Mr. Gotsbiffer, "is faith in God. We'll do the rest."

To-morrow Mr. Gotsbiffer will go to Washington to attend a special meeting of the Cabinet in his honor, to ascertain what new insults, hitherto overlooked, will be acceptable to the American people.

S. P. I.

THE Society for Political Ignorance met once more yesterday afternoon. One of the leading papers was "What I Don't Know About Any Constitution," and was received with great applause. The requirements for admission were revised to read as follows:

To be a member you must be in entire ignorance of:

The names of your local assemblymen.

The names of all State governors.

All local ordinances.

Your mayor and congressman.

All finances.

The names of all cabinet officers and senators.

Considerable objection was made to these requirements on the ground that they would make so many people eligible for membership that the society would be too large. It was, however, pointed out that as a matter of patriotic pride every citizen ought to belong, regardless of consequences.

Happy New Year to you, neighbor,
It's leap year, once ag'in—
Three sixty-five an' one day mo'
To smoke good VELVET in!

May the wrinkles '16 brings you
Be the sort smiles leave behind,
An' the only clouds above you
Be the fragrant VELVET kind.

Velvet Joe

ARE YOU one of the lucky
brotherhood that has
smiled allegiance to the
aged-mellowed tobacco
called VELVET?

Is your pipe a sure
defence against dull
care or are you still a
restless searcher for the
tobacco whose mildness
is equalled only by its
fragrance and its flavor?

Remember VELVET isn't
a name only. It is a *description*
of the aged-in-the-wood smoothness
that the choicest of mild Kentucky
Burley tobacco gets from two years'
mellowing.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins

5c Metal-lined Bags

One Pound Glass

Humidors



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



No Spoils to Share

An old negro was charged with chicken stealing, and the judge said:

"Where's your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ain't got none, jedge."

"But you ought to have one," returned the Court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No, sah, no, sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', jedge," said the old man, confidentially. "Ah wants ter enj'y dem chickens maself."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Very First Time You're Towed In
by a good Samaritan with a Basline Autowline, you'll say: "That's what I've got to have!"

BASLINE AUTOWLINE

is the Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull. About 25 feet of famous Yellow Strand Powersteel Wire Rope, 1/2-inch size, with Patented Snaffle Hooks that stay on when the line sags. Pulling a 4,000-lb. car up a 20% grade is child's play for Basline Autowline. Weighs but 4 1/2 lbs. Compactly coiled, fits under a cushion. At dealers. Price, east of the Rockies, \$3.95.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK is another need—4 feet of Yellow Strand Wire Rope, with an eye in each end and a stout spring-lock. Defies wire-clippers. Circles a wheel rim and a spring, or a spare tire and its holder. Price, \$2.00. Some Insurance Companies will reduce your rate 10% if you use it.

Descriptive circulars sent for the asking.
Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.
809 N. 2d Street, St. Louis, Mo.
New York Office: 76C, Warren Street
Makers of famous Yellow Strand Powersteel Wire Rope

4 Through All Steel Electric Lighted Trains 4
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Superior Roadway, Equipment and Service to CHARLESTON, SUMMERVILLE, AUGUSTA, SAVANNAH, THOMASVILLE, FLORIDA and CUBA Resorts

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Something Anyway

"So you think a college education is a good thing for a boy?"

"Yes, I think it's a pretty good thing. Fits him for something in life. If he can't catch on with a baseball team, he can often land a job as a professor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

ONE of the questions in the San Francisco Examiner's animal story contest, upon which children are asked to write, is: Why does a cow need two stomachs?

Sad experience evidently had much to do with the deductions of little Mark Schey, of Fruitvale, for he replied:

"So when she has an ache in one of her stomachs, she can use the other one."

—Our Animals.



So near you can almost hear the trade winds whisper in the tamarinds and palms.

But the treasure one seeks in the Bahamas today, is the gold of tropic sunshine. And with a winter climate surpassing Madeira; world famous surf bathing, fishing, tennis, and golf, Nassau is—but it would take pages to tell that.

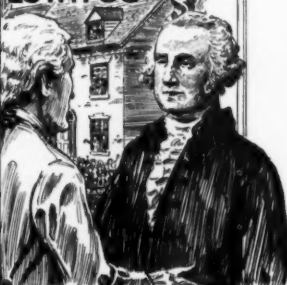
See for yourself in "Nassau Bahamas"—a booklet we shall gladly mail upon request
BAHAMAS GOVERNMENT AGENT
450 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Carstairs Rye

ESTD 1788

A Year Before The Father of His Country Took The Oath of Office

Carstairs Rye was the country's standard. Each succeeding year has shown increased popularity. Used "straight," or in High Balls, Carstairs Rye—in the non-refillable bottle—has no superior.



A LIVERPOOL cotton broker, choosing a new office boy, rang up another firm to inquire about the character of one of the applicants.

"Well," said the head clerk, who answered the telephone, "he's one of these 'push and go' boys."

"Good!" said the cotton broker, eagerly. "Smart and efficient, and all that, eh?"

"Not at all," came the unexpected reply; "what I mean is that he only goes when you push him."—*Tit-Bits*.

FOWNES GLOVES

There's nothing novel or queer about Fownes gloves.

In the main they are just such handsome, substantial articles as substantial people prefer to wear.

Some of the styles are just radical enough to please the less sober minded.

But always within the bounds of good taste.

Their chief claim on your consideration is their dependability.

They are always good gloves—always have been—and always will be.

All in About 500 Years

BARBARISM. Immigration to a new land. Colonization. Settlement. Industries. Civilization. Diplomatic relations with another country that wants to conquer.

War.

Victory. Population depleted. Big debts. Stimulus to art, poetry and industry. Prosperity. Pride. A national spirit. Merchants seeking new market elsewhere.

War.

Victory. Other countries subdued. World dominion. Revolution. Degeneracy. Decay. Repudiation.

War.

Despair. Conquered. "Past glories."



THE
"TOP-NOTCH"
SCOTCH
"King George IV"
WHISKY
Non-refillable
bottle

Clarity

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not clarity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. Clarity puffeth not itself up nor beareth itself ambiguously in the public places. Clarity acteth so simply that anybody beholding it straightway believeth that they can do likewise, yet when they try it on they find themselves hopelessly involved. Clarity casteth not aside simple phrases nor betrayeth itself into ornateness, just for the sake of appearing to be wise. For whether there be stylists they shall fail, or whether there be pedants they shall be found out, or whether there be bombastic and verbose and profound philosophers, they likewise shall be exposed. But clarity abideth and in the long run will reveal the truth to babes. There be these three things—Faith, Hope and Clarity, but the greatest of these is Clarity.



"The road has been built through an Indian country with all the tribes banded together and hostile."—From speech of Gen. G. M. Dodge in Congress, 1868.

THE men who built this road fought and worked by turn—inspired with a great ideal. They spanned a continent with a trail of blood and iron—for the sake of the Union—and their road is the *Union Pacific*.

The spirit of the builders is alive today in the hearts of the men who labor to improve this railroad and to conduct its operations. They work together for this great property as for a *national institution*.

This esprit de corps affects favorably everyone who comes in contact with the *Union Pacific*—as traveler or shipper.

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
Joins East and West with a Boulevard of Steel

Gerrit Fort, P. T. M.
Union Pacific System
Chicago, Ill.

DETROIT SPRINGS

SELF LUBRICATING

Are Guaranteed
for Two Years

Double the
Ordinary Guaranty

DETROIT STEEL
PRODUCTS CO.
Detroit Michigan

A Brief History of the United States

Columbus.
Washington.
Lincoln.
Roosevelt.
Ford.

"I ASSURE you, madam, my ancestors
came over with the first settlers."

"Very likely. We had no immigra-
tion laws then."—*Baltimore American.*

FOR A COLD— HOT TODDY

GRANDMOTHER knows
well the value of a hot toddy
for a cold—an unfailing remedy
ever since her girlhood days.
Especially, when it's made with
strong pure



Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

—a full-bodied, straight Pennsylvania
whiskey that possesses an absolutely un-
varying excellence. Its
medicinal properties
make it the ideal stimu-
lant for the sick.



A.
Overholt
&
Co.
Pittsburgh,
Pa.

Other People's Children

HOW seldom is it that the children of other people appeal to those of us who have children of our own? Our efforts at being enthusiastic about them are mostly perfunctory. It is also curious that we are often fond of some friend because of the very qualities which we dislike in the child. What more despised creatures are there than the children of our next-door neighbor? They break in upon our solitude, they trample upon our sacred possessions, their manners are those of savages. We never appear to make the sudden discovery that our own children are as bad, if not worse. All the children of our neighbors are liars. Our own are always coming to us and telling the truth. Except, of course, when they are caught red-handed. Even then we don't really believe it. We are likely to think that our neighbor's children have conspired against our own good angels.

PEACE—Henry Ford *vs.* Andrew Carnegie

A WITTY philosophical article by Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Crowds" and "Inspired Millionaires," deals with Mr. Carnegie and his "peace flock" gently but firmly—and the whole is well worth reading crammed as it is with big ideas and big issues presented in Mr. Lee's pointed original style.

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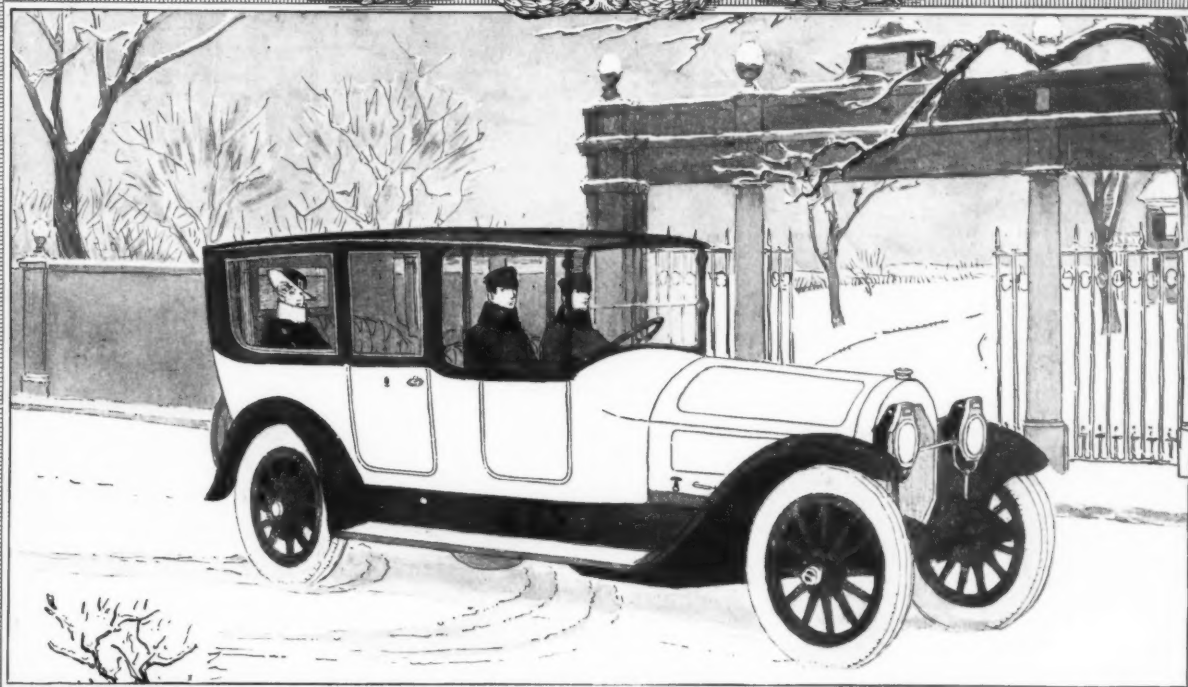
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